

TRUE DEMOCRAT.

"We claim as large a Charter as the Wind, to blow on whom we please."

By Dease & Murphy.

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POETRY.

There is a stately fervor in the following fine lyric poem that renders it worthy of its great theme. None who are conversant with the history of Poland and know the doubtful struggle which she is now waging with her tyrants, but will feel the power of this song. We copy it from the Albany Argus.

Song for Poland.

By WM. H. C. HOSMER.

Up, for encounter stern,
While unsheathed weapons gleam,
The beacon-fires of Freedom burn,
Her banners wildly stream!
Awake! and drink at purple springs—
Lo! the 'white eagle' flaps his wings
With a rejoicing scream,
That sends an old heroic thrill
Through hearts that are unconquered still!
Leap to your saddles, leap!
Tried wielders of the lance,
And charge, as when ye broke the sleep
Of Europe, at the call of France:
The knightly deeds of other years
Eclipse, ye matchless cavaliers!
While plume and pennon dance—
That prince! upon his phantom steed,
In Elster lost, your ranks will lead!
Flock round the altar, flock!
And swear you will be free;
Then rush to brave the battle shock,
Like surges of a maddened sea;
Death, with a red and shattered brand
Yet clinging to the rigid hand,
A blissful fate would be,
Contrasted with that darker doom—
A branded brow—a living tomb!
Speed to the combat, speed!
And beat oppression down,
Or win, by martyrdom, the meed
Of high and shadowless renown:
Ye weary exiles, from afar
Come back! and make the savage Czar
In terror clutch his crown,
While wronged and vengeful millions roar
Defiance at his palace door.
Throng forth with souls to dare,
From huts and ruined halls!
On the deep midnight of despair
A beam of ancient glory falls:
The knot, the chain and dungeon cave
To frenzy have aroused the brave;
Dismembered Poland calls,
And through a land oppress'd, betray'd,
Stalks Kosciuszko's frowning shade.
*Poniatowski.

The Happy Farmer.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough,
As you were riding by?
Or wearied 'neath his noon-day toil
When summers' suns were high?
And thought you that his lot was hard?
And did you thank your God
That you, and yours, were not condemn'd
Thus like a slave to plod?
Come, see him at the harvest home,
When garden, field and tree,
Conspire, with flowing stores, to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthful children guilely sport
Amid the new mown hay,
Or proudly aid, with vigorous arm
His task, as best they may.
The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain,
The fenshy people clap their wings
And lead their youngling train.
Perchance, the hoary grandsire's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
And guides their evening praise.
The harvest Giver is their friend,
The Maker of the soil,
And earth, the mother, gives them bread,
And cheers their patient toil.
Come, join them round their wintry hearth,
Their heart-felt pleasure see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

"CHEAP! CHEAP!"

This is the head of an article in the government paper of this State, (Jeffersonian,) announcing the intention of the proprietors to reduce the price of the subscription to their weekly paper to \$2.00 per annum under certain circumstances. When we see such means brought in requisition to rope in reluctant customers, it puts us in mind of a dialogue between a negro preacher and his master, as follows:
Master.—Well, Pompey, what does your congregation pay you for preaching to them?
Pompey.—Two dollars for half year, Massa.
Master.—That's d—d poor pay, Pompey.
Pompey.—Yes, Massa, d—d poor pay, and da hab d—d poor preach, too.
Master.—Never buy a cheap article if you want a good one.—*Bayne Sora Ledger.*

MISCELLANY.

EIGHTEEN AND GRAY HAIR!

After an absence of two years spent in travelling, I saw her again in the theatre. She was the attraction of the whole house; all eyes in the pit were fixed upon her; and I, after one, could not venture a second glance; at length I summoned resolution; obtained a full view of her, but how was I horror-struck. The reason of the general observation her entrance caused was now apparent; a cold shivering came over me; my knees trembled.

Poor, unhappy Henrietta! I sighed, as I convulsively bit my lips. One of my neighbors perceiving my emotion, touched my elbow and said, 'Do you observe that young lady in the centre box—first row. Is it not surprising that so young a creature should have white hair?' 'And with such sparkling black eyes, too!' remarked another, 'what a thousand pities!' 'If a writer of romance were here,' said a third, 'this beautiful monster would furnish materials for a ballad, something at which we know not whether to laugh or cry. Black eyes and white locks; our attraction and abhorrence; a true and lively picture of the literature of the day!'

I could have annihilated the impertinent puppies.

At last the curtain rose: what was acted God knows. The audience laughed. I ground my teeth in agony. I several times thought of making a bolt for the door; but an irresistible power chained me to the spot where my devoted victim presented herself. Cold drops stood on my brow; and I remained.

The play was over, and my tormentors recommenced talking of the young girl with the grey hair.

'For my part,' said one, 'I think it not unlikely that the poor thing in some lonely walk at night stumbled upon a ghost. Have you you ever read the "Scherin Von Prevorst" by Korner—'

'He was a poet and a Swabian,' interrupted a person at my back. 'Trust me, there are no such creations as ghosts and seeresses; I am a physician, and can explain to you how nature produces on certain qualities of hair certain effects.'

'Ah! you are a doctor, are you?' remarked a new speaker; 'come, come expound it all to us. The hair of a young girl cannot change color without some very extraordinary cause. She must have been subject to some terrible calamity, some shock. Perhaps her husband was murdered in her arms; or she dropped her child as she was dancing it at the window, and dashed its brains out on the pavement.'

'Excuse me, gentlemen, your conjectures all fall to the ground,' said the doctor, with an authoritative tone, 'can't you perceive at once that this charming creature is not a mother, perhaps unmarried?'

'How old may the poor thing be?' inquired one.

'Sixteen,' replied another.

'Eighteen!' exclaimed I, scarce knowing what I was saying.

'What! you are acquainted with her then?' exclaimed all in a breath.

I made no reply.

'He surely must be able to tell us something about her,' doggedly remarked one of the party.

'I shrewdly guess that this young maiden owes her white hair to some cross in love, some—'

In a paroxysm of despair, I seized the hand of the last speaker. 'Hold, sir; spare me—I'm a wretch—a perjured villain.'

What effect this outburst of my anguish, this involuntary confession of my wrongs to Henrietta—wring from me by a guilty conscience—produced upon my auditors, may well be imagined; but luckily for me, at this moment the orchestra let loose its thunder; all that noise and fury that characterizes modern music; and the curtain rose again. But what fictitious sorrows, what love, treachery or despair could vie with mine? My remorseless memory pictured, in colors too true and faithful, how she had vowed to me her innocent weak heart and her dawning affections; how I had sworn to be eternally hers, to adore her whom I had so shamefully forsaken. Alas! I now too late perceived that I had poisoned all the springs of life and happiness; that the Henrietta whom I had left so blooming, so confiding and happy, was now, with white hair and a broken heart, sinking fast into the grave. 'Miserable wretch!' I ejaculated, 'is it too late to redeem the past?' A thought flashed across my mind—too late—no, perhaps your repentance will make all well again. The mighty power of love—I will throw myself at her feet—will—

My resolve was made—the performance was nearly at an end; I rushed from the pit. Some one seized me by the hand: 'Gustavus!'

'Felix? you here! have you seen her,' I abruptly inquired.

'Her! who?'

'Henrietta!'

'I left her only a few minutes ago. You find her much altered, eh?'

'Felix, I'm a monster of iniquity!'

'What! said he, laughing, 'were you the sly rogue, the charlatan?'

'Charlatan! what mean you?'

'You must know that Henrietta, scarce a month since, bought of an itinerant vender of pomatum, a substance for making the hair grow. She had scarcely used it twice before her hair became as grey as you now see it.'

'Pomatum! it was not love, then,' the word died upon my lips.

'Love!' replied Felix with surprise. 'God be praised, no! We have been married these eighteen months, and are the happiest couple in the universe. Whether my wife's hair be black or grey is to me a matter of indifference.'

'Eighteen months—your wife—and I—'

Alas! 'twas but the penalty my inconstancy so well merited. Take heed, ye of both sexes who possess that inestimable gift, another's love. Never trifle with it, as I have done!

SPOON FASHION.

By FREDERICK MARYLAND.

'Talking of peculiar situations, gentlemen,' said Mr. Tatum, 'I was once in rather a singular fix myself.'

'How so—how was that?' said we.

'I will tell you. Sagers and myself had gone to Cape May, that favorite resort of fashion and folly, during one of the hottest seasons ever 'got up' on this continent. It was intensely hot! I perspire intensely whenever I think of it! Have you ever been at Cape Island gentlemen?'

A general negative shake of the head followed the question.

'Then permit me, as a friend and well wisher, to warn you against that place. A more uninviting resort is not to be found. I have good authority for stating that it is the only unfinished portion of creation.—They have a legend down there which runs thus: 'The hands were at work on this spot at the tail of the sixth day, but night overtaking them, they were compelled to suspend operations, and thus the island was left incomplete!'

To those who are familiar with the locality, this is certainly a plausible story; I have heard it more than once called the 'jumping off place.' Sunshine and sand knee-deep are the strongest inducements to pay a second visit. To be sure, they say something about sea bathing, but look at the risk. If you venture beyond your nose, the undertow carries you out, and death by drowning is inevitable. After which, follow 'grappling irons,' and then the indignity of a coroner's inquest! The spot is distinguished by a half dozen stunted trees, two or three apologies for hotels, and three or four cabins painted red.'

'But the story, Mr. Tatum, the story!'

'All in good time, gentlemen. I said Sagers and myself were foolish enough to go down. Some two or three thousand people were there, when we arrived, and every nook and corner was 'jam full.' After repeated solicitations, we finally succeeded in getting a small room with the privilege of sleeping two in a bed. The thermometer at ninety, and two in a bed! The thought is a warm bath of itself!'

'Don't descend to particularities, but give us the story.'

'Certainly; in the room adjoining ours slept two beautiful girls, sisters, who, for reasons best known to myself, shall be nameless. One night, about a week after our arrival, I had gone early to bed, not wishing to participate in any of the abominable 'hops' that were nightly given at our hotel.'

'Pooh—pooh! it's a ghost story,' said Nathan.

'No, gentlemen.'

'Then you were ducked with cold water,' said Mr. Blanchard.

'Wrong again! Although a cold bath would have been acceptable at the moment; I had been asleep for some time, when I was awakened by the most musical voice imaginable, which said,

'Kate, suppose we lay spoon fashion!'

'Lay how?' inquired I.

'Gracious heavens! where am I? ejaculated my unknown bedfellow, jumping three feet from the bed; and she (for it was a woman) would have jumped further, but want of room permitted no striking display of agility. Here was a situation for a modest man! Before I could say 'angels and ministers of grace defend us,' she had gathered up her 'dry goods,' and made good her retreat from the room. I am not a coward, gentlemen, yet I am free to confess that my nerves were slightly agitated. Who can she be? What can she have wanted here? were questions that I could not answer. Had I been a believer in ghosts, I should probably have gone down to the grave with the conviction indelibly impressed upon my mind that I had actually been in bed with one of the long faced gentry!'

'Well, what took place then? Who was she?'

'Be patient, you shall know every thing. The two young ladies before mentioned sat opposite to me at table. I had a very faint suspicion that one of them was a party to the transaction, and in order to remove all doubts, the next morning at breakfast, I inquired,

'Miss B. shall I help you to a little of this omelet?'

'If you please, sir.'

'Will you have it spoon fashion?' said I carelessly.

'The deep blush that mantled her handsome face told more plainly than words that she was my ghost of the preceding night. Having gone up without a light, she had mistaken my room for her own and, but for the 'spoon fashion' arrangement, Sagers would have probably discovered us in bed together. I am happy to add, gentlemen, that the affair had a pleasant denouement. Miss B. and myself are now engaged to be married. When the ceremony takes place you shall be present, and if you do not pronounce her the loveliest and most accomplished of her sex, then I will unhesitatingly admit that there is romance in the phrase "spoon fashion."'

In the heart and the soul of woman is to be found her true beauty. If the heart is true, if the soul is pure, the loveliness that is there will be ever mirrored in the countenance.

CREED OF A PRETTY WOMAN.

I believe that a Cashmere shawl is to a woman an object of the first necessity.

I believe that a marriage is a municipal formality, in which there is nothing embarrassing, which is susceptible of modifications according to the humor of the contracting parties.

I believe that the first virtue of a woman is coquetry—the greatest defect, matrimony—and her greatest crime, old age.

I believe that Joan of Arc was the greatest man the world ever produced, and that Ninon l'Echols the greatest woman.

I believe that paint is more necessary to the heart of a woman than to her complexion.

I believe that woman should rather want bread than a gown or a hat a la mode.

I believe that fashion is the goddess of a woman and the tyrant of men.

I believe that an English lord who has plenty of guineas, and a great wish to spend them in company, is the most witty, the most original of all beings.

I believe that devotion is not incompatible with pleasure, and that any reasonable accommodation may be made with heaven.

I believe that love is an act of stupidity, and friendship a contract for mutual deception.

I believe it was not a rib which the Creator borrowed from Adam to form Eve, but his tongue, and that it is not our fault if we speak too much.

I believe that matrimony is a very beautiful thing at a distance.

I believe that conjugal tolerance, is, in domestic affairs, what religious tolerance is in political ones.

DEATH OF HEROD AGRIPPA.—Having completed a reign of three years over the whole of Palestine, Agrippa ordered a splendid festival at Caesaria, in honor of the Emperor. Multitudes of the highest rank flocked together from all quarters. On the second day of the spectacle, at early dawn, the king entered the theatre in a robe of silver, which glittered with the morning rays of the sun, so as to dazzle the eyes of the whole assembly and excite general admiration. Some of his flatterers set up a shout—'A present God.' Agrippa did not repress the impious adulation, which spread through the theatre. At that moment he looked up and saw an owl perched over his head on a rope. The owl had once been to him a bird of good omen. While he was in chains at Rome, a fellow prisoner, German, had augured from the appearance of one of those birds, his future splendour, but he had added this solemn warning, that when he saw that bird again, at the height of his fortune, he would die within five days. The fatal omen, says Josephus, pierced the heart of the king; and with deep melancholy he said, 'Your God will soon suffer the common lot of humanity.' He was immediately struck, in the language of the sacred volume, by an angel. He was seized with violent internal pains, and carried to his palace. There he lingered five days in extreme agony; being 'eaten of worms,' the cause of his intestine disorder. He died in the 44th year of his age, having reigned seven years over part of his dominions; three over the whole of Palestine.

THE REAL RICH.—There is no greater fallacy than the supposition that opulence consists in the enjoyment of a large income. The man whose expenditure equals his income, is really a poor man, whatever position he may occupy in the eye of the world; while a person moving in a far lower sphere may in truth be wealthy, if his income be more than proportionate to his pretensions. There is no species of poverty so urgent or distressing as that which seeks its concealment in displays of opulence, nor is there any which throws so many temptations in the way of honesty. The riches rejected by the virtuous poverty of the ancient Greeks and Romans would have bought half the golden satraps of the east, and it will generally be profligate. Riches have little allurements to those who have no expensive tastes or habits to gratify—who have felt the joys of temperance and the consolations of integrity. However limited our means may be, we shall be among the number of the truly opulent if we live within them, and live contentedly. The perpetual ambition to be thought greater than we are is a source of contempt to those above us, of derision to those below, and of continual discomfort to ourselves. Nor can the mesh thrown over our circumstances by the artifices of vanity long deceive one—except, perhaps, a few strangers, who are hardly worth deceiving. Our means, as well as our characters, will sooner or later become known, in spite of any disguise with which we may attempt to invest them, and the detection in the use of the instruments of deception, only shows that whatever other gifts we may have, we at least are deficient in honesty. The really rich, then, are not persons merely of large means, but persons of large means relatively with the positions they desire to hold in society. A poor duke would be a rich artisan, simply because in the latter case there are not the same demand for a large expenditure. The same relation holds

through all classes of society; so that a man to become rich has only to descend from the pedestal on which his pride has exalted him, and conform to the usages of less ambitious men. Of all things in this wide world pride is the most expensive, and extravagant habit acquired just subtracts a proportionate quantity of wealth, and impoverishes the person who yields to it. Every man has the secret of becoming rich who resolves to live within his means; and independence is one of the most effectual safeguards of honesty.

SUICIDE OF A BOY.—It appears that a boy in New York 14 years of age, has recently died from a wound in his breast by a pistol shot, discharged by himself, without a lock. He said the discharge was accidental, but it is the impression of those who examined the pistol and the position of the wound, that it could scarcely have been possible for the weapon to have been accidentally discharged so as to have produced the effect.

It is altogether a strange affair. The most rational explanation is that it was suicide; and if so, what was the cause? He was little more than 14, healthy and robust, had never shown any signs of mental aberration, and had no trouble of any kind, nor any known difficulty with any one. Dr. Brigham, the able superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum, says that suicidal mania often exists, and that persons may commit it when no signs have manifested themselves which would lead to any suspicion before committing the rash act.

There are one or two circumstances connected with his case that it would be well to mention. His mother says, that when a child, he had inflammation of the brain, and barely escaped death; and that he has been subject to bleeding at the nose, until within six months, violent head-ache always attending it.

We learn that he died four hours after receiving the wound, without making any further disclosures. It is said that the pistol had marks as if a friction match had been rubbed against its barrel to produce ignition.

MEXICO—SANTA ANNA.—The Washington City Union publishes a letter written recently at Havana, in which we find the following mention of Santa Anna:

If Santa Ana's expressions can be taken as auguries of his future action, his recall to power would be favorable to a settlement of our difficulties with Mexico. He says generals Jackson and Houston (both of whom he highly esteemed and valued) never understood him, and did him injustice in their suspicion of his double-dealing; that he was always the advocate of the recognition of Texan independence, but he had various antagonist interests to reconcile before he could openly avow or recommend the measure; that this was nearly effected at the time of his downfall. He thinks it was unwise in Texas to annex herself to the United States; that she had all that was requisite to become at a future day a great and prosperous republic; whereas, by annexation, she only becomes an integral and not conspicuous part of a much greater nation; and as for himself, he would rather be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion.

PROPOSED STEAM ARMADA FOR THE GULF OF MEXICO.—A scheme for constructing a certain number of armed steam vessels, to be called the "Valley Steam Fleet," intending to issue from the Mississippi, and operate in the Gulf of Mexico, offensively and defensively, has it is said, been before the Government for some time. In regard to the details of this proposition the New Orleans Commercial Times makes the following statement:

"It appears that it has been proposed to construct a dozen iron steamers, of such magnitude that they will each present a battery on one deck—to use the words of the projector—"more formidable than that of the Pennsylvania ship-of-the-line."—These vessels will have a draft of water sufficiently small to admit of their crossing the bar of the Mississippi, and pass in and out of eight Southern harbors with equal facility. Their capacity will be 3,000 tons each, being five hundred tons greater than that of the "Great Britain," at present the largest steamship in the world. They cannot be sunk by shot; are capable of carrying provisions and water for six months for a crew of 700 men, and in case of offensive operations being decided on, are susceptible of receiving each 10,000 troops on board. Such a fleet with the powerful armament designed for it, would command the Gulf against the combined navies of the world; and would throw, if necessary, 120,000 men on any point—Cuba, or the adjacent foreign islands—skirt the highway of communication between our Atlantic sisters of the Republic, and make the Gulf as much our property as it were a lake within our territory. "The Valley Fleet" would form an invulnerable, 'line of battle' for its defence across the Strait of Florida, and command the rear to their place of construction and supplies, viz: the Valley of the Mississippi. The plan is a magnificent one, worthy this great republic; and although many, no doubt, will hastily take it as the dreamy wanderings of a heated imagination—an army of 120,000 men, borne by a fleet of twelve iron vessels—yet has it been so far proved feasible, that there is now a model of a vessel, of this precise description, at Pittsburg, which dares the scrutiny of the most intelligent the most enquiring, the most sceptical."